

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES

BULLETIN OF THE L.A. SCIENCE-FAN SOCIETY

News and Views of Shangri-La

NUMBER 10, MAY 1943

Editor: Phil Bronson

Published occasionally at the LASFS Clubroom, 637 S. Bixel, Los Angeles, Calif.

NEWS FLASHES FROM SHANGRI-LA!

FIRST MEETING HELD IN NEW CLUBROOM!

RUSSELL ARRIVES IN L.A.! Samuel D. Russell, noted Minneapolis fan, made his appearance in Los Angeles April 23rd. In reply to a request by the Shangri-L'Affaires interviewer for a statement (at the April 29th meeting) he said: "Gosh! They pay attention to the Director out here! Gee!"

HENRY HASSE BACK IN L.A.! Present at the April 29th meeting of the LASFS was Henry Hasse, back in Los Angeles to stay.

BRONSON REJECTED! Phil Bronson rejected by the Army, having reported to the L.A. induction center on April First, of all days.

S P E C I A L! Los Angeles induction center mysteriously blown up by unidentified person!

IMMINENT ARRIVALS DEPT: Arden "Buns" Benson reports that he will arrive in California sometime in June. Will accept job in Inglewood following graduation from University of Minn.

Tom Ludowitz, of Space Tales fame, states that he will be in L.A. in a few more weeks.

Apr. 29th, 1943: The first meeting to be held in the new LASFS clubroom produced an attendance of fifteen, including Ackerman, Morojo, Yerke, Henry & Mrs. Hasse, Helen Finn, Barbara Bovard, Mel Brown, Jack Dowdle, Freehafer (to whom the credit goes for stenciling this issue), Sam Russell, Morrie Dollens, Phil Bronson, Ed Chamberlain, Mrs. Charles. Early part of the evening was taken up with transferring the club library and assorted odds and ends to the new abode. Possible room arrangements and decorations were discussed, and tentative plans for a "moving-in-party" at which, among other things, an auction of s-f originals will take place were talked over. Refreshments were purchased with a special allotment from the Treasury in honor of the arrival of Messrs. Hasse and Russell.

DEPARTURE DEPARTMENT: Milty Rothman shipped off to Oregon amid anguished tears from members; Gus Willmorth, who had been stationed in L.A. for some time, uprooted also to the LASFS' sorrow; Tech. Sgt. Bob Shinn left on the 25th of April, after spending several weeks with the imagi-natives; Rod Allen may have left for overseas service, if a long period of silence following a significantly phrased letter is any indication.

THE READER REEKS

Well, our appeal for comments in the last issue resulted in literally scores of postal cards, letters, telegrams, cablegrams, spacegrams, and gram-crackers. We are overwhelmed at this unprecedented display of loyalty to dear old Shaggy Affairs. And here are a few of the more notable missives received at the editorial desk.....



Dear Editor: Having received the latest issue of "Shangri-L'Affaires" I shall proceed to give ye editor my comments. First, I think the club is doing a great thing in putting out a bulletin of this size at no cost to the reader. It's too good to be true. ((You're telling us!)) I like the movie reviews the best of all; those of "The Cat Peoplo" and "I Married a Witch" were good. How about reviewing a book of the fantasy, or science-fiction nature?

--Raymond Grumbo,
St. Vincent, Minn.

Various reports, from several sources indicate that the MFS Bulletin is now defunct. If such is the case, that makes Shangri-L'Affaires the only local fanewzine left. The item "Dark Enigma" in this issue is a trifle outdated since Russell's arrival in L.A.; but it still applies in some cases.

Dear Gents: ((Another misinformed individual)) How good are my chances of receiving a copy of your mag whenever it comes out? ((Pretty good, I'd say. A copy is on its way to you as we write this.)) I'm a great fan of science-fiction (I'm even thinking of writing some), but I'm sorely in need of joining a club. Our town's too small for such a thing. ((Ah, yes. Well, work hard Andy, old boy; be persevering, and someday you'll be able to come to L.A. to see the LASFS and be disillusioned horribly.))

Andy Anderson,
P.O. Box 533, Pismo Beach, California

Please do write us some more lovely letters, dear readers. Bulky packages, however, will be consigned to the bathtub.

Dear Bronson: Just a note to let you know that I received Shangri-L'aff. Thanks for sending it. I like the style in which it's written and the interesting reviews. The mimooing is darn good, too. Yes, we want the Fantasy Critic! ((Our roving reporter, stationed in Minneapolis, reports the following: "I cornered Mr. Sam Russell the other day behind a stack of books in the Public Library and interviewed him. When I hinted as to the Fantasy Critic, he abruptly froze up, a strange gloam entering his eyes. Then, before I could question him further, he mumbled something like 'fifty-four forty, or fout,' and ran from the building.))

--Albert A. Betts
18 Wascana Rd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada

March 13, 1943

Dear Gentlemen: ((He obviously doesn't know us)) Thank you for Shangri-L'Affaires. Incidentally, could you inform me whether or not there was a story in the Dec. 1929 Astounding by O. Zanchberry Tatch called "The THINGS?" ((Sorry, but we are unfamiliar with that particular issue, and do not have it in our files. O.Zanchberry Tatch is a well-known pseudonym of O. Edward Saari -- we suggest that you get in touch with him.)) Mr. Tatch once slandered me, and I want to pan this story if I can read it. ((Tit for Tatch, eh?)) Thank you.

Joe Smee.
Fignewton, Texas

Thanxamillion to all those who wrote in. Letters were received from Connerly, Warner, and Baldwin, also, but they arrived a bit too late to make the dummy.

INANE ITEMS

I am in a mood for some good music. With a fervent prayer to Ghu, I switch on my radio hoping against hope that I'll find something without the usual procedure of twirling the dial for fifteen minutes. Ah! The familiar strains of "Peter and the Wolf" pour from the speaker. Oh, Ecstasy! But what's this? A disgusting female voice is heard as the music halts: "'What kind of a bird are you, if you can't swim?' asked the Duck." The music begins again. It stops. "'Look out,' cried the Duck, and the little bird flew quickly up into a tree," gushes the hateful feminine voice. My blood pressure rises. Again the music commences--and stops: "'What if a Wolf should come out of the forest? What would you do then?' So Grandpa took Peter by the hand, led him home, and locked the gate." I throw a book at the radio.

Several days later I am in the mood for some good music. I turn on the radio, and what do I hear? You guessed it--the familiar strains of "Peter and the Wolf"! But what's this? The music stops, and a nauseating male voice quavers: "'Look out,' cried the Duck...." It is none other than Mr. Basil Rathbone, telling the story along with the music. I jump up and down on the radio.

Now I confine myself to listening to records. But someday I'll meet up with that female announcer--and Rathbone too. And won't they be mad when I throw them in a cage with a ferocious, starving Timber Wolf! Oh, and I'll laugh so fiendishly, indeed!

TILLTUSH SAYS: Orchids to Ray Bradbury, who has been doing a nice job in the fantasy game of late. If you haven't read his tales in Weird, we recommend them to you. In the last two years the sparkling life with which Weird Tales was once imbued has slowly ebbed away, until it is now a mere husk of its former self, jerking grotesquely along in its bi-monthly fashion. The mag needs a transfusion badly, and with the exception of Bradbury, the new blood it has been receiving is of the wrong type. New-idea stories, refreshing styles, and a discontinuance of WT's present policy are the only things, in our opinion, which will add new zest and spice to the haggard, plodding thing that is Weird Tales today. Shedding several nostalgic tears for Farnsworth Wright we break away from this subject.

MEETING OF MARCH 4, 1943: This meeting resulted in the rather feeble attendance of nine persons: Bronson, Pvt. Rod Allen (in town on a pass), Pfc. Forry Ackerman, Art Joquel, Bev Ann Bronson, Jack Dowdle, Mrs. Charles, Pvt. Gus Willmorth, and Morric Dollens. Dollens' insatiable appetite forced him to purchase refreshments, and everyone thanked Ghu for his insatiable appetite. Morojo gleefully extracted dues from those who were solvent, while Allen and Bronson started a poker game. Daugherty, Rothman, Freehafer, and Bruce (himself) Yerko were conspicuously absent. Meeting called to order by Bronson, owing to the absence of the other officers, in a Lower Basin Street manner while still engaged in the poker game. Ackerman and Bronson II began a contest to see who could outstare the other. Ackerman finally won after the thing had ensued for 13 and one-half minutes. Meeting dispersed earlier than usual.

Recently Ackerman, Yerko, Freehafer, Morojo, Bronson and Brown went to see the new Orson Welles flicker, "Journey Into Fear". Verdict extremely unfavorable on the whole. Ackerman elated over previews of double-horror bill, including "Undying Monster", and "Dr. Renault's Secret".

MOVIE REVIEW

By Tillywish

"The Ape Man", a Monogram picture, starring Bela Lugosi. Being a Monogram Production this picture is obviously not destined to receive a complimentary review. The Plot: A scientist engaged in some vague biological experiments makes a human guinea-pig of himself & as a result turns into an "Ape-Man", sporting hairy arms and a beard. Now the only antidote for his condition is an injection of human spinal fluid so Hairy Joe galavants about knocking off innocent bystanders with the aid of his pet gorilla. He succeeds in mounting up a pretty fair number of corpses. In the end Lugosi's over-playful pet develops ambitious ideas and in approved movie-gorilla fashion does away with the Dracula Kid, and almost succeeds in administering a chassis-job to the petite heroine. Said heroine is a nifty number, incidentally. Maybe the poor gorilla didn't want to bump her off--maybe he was possessed of a King Kong-like affection for her. At any rate the unsympathetic cops filled him with .38 slugs before he could press his attentions on the gal. They should have given the gorilla the lead, for he was the only good thing in this dud, even if he did look made of pasteboard and mohair. Stinkweeds to Monogram. -----Randolph Tillywish.

THE DARK ENIGMA

By Lew Garew

The Grey Shadow detached itself from the inky pool of blackness in the corner of the room, floated silently behind the chair in which sat Samuel D. Russell. He was sweating over his well-worn typewriter, and the soft clack of the keys scarcely penetrated through to the shadowed portions of the room beyond the tiny oasis of light surrounding the desk-lamp.

Beads of cold sweat suddenly broke out on Russell's forehead. He stiffened, hands clutching the edge of the desk. Slowly, fearfully, his head turned, around ... and upward....

A fearsome scream sliced through the silence of the night, echoing and re-echoing throughout the Russell abode.

In the morning they found the remains of Samuel Russell there in his den, still seated at the typewriter. Oh, he wasn't dead, to be sure, but it were better by far had he been so, for it was a gibbering, empty-eyed Thing that fumbled hesitatingly at the typewriter keys. A soulless Thing....

Oliver E. Saari pounded away half-heartedly on his typewriter. His latest story "The Back Door" was developing slowly. Something was wrong; he wasn't able to capture the right mood that night. Disgustedly he shoved the typewriter back on the desk, and leaned back precariously in his chair.

Abruptly something cold coursed down his spine, as out of the corner of his eye he discerned a shadowy figure slip behind him.... He whirled about....

They found him the next morning....

Who knows what unspeakable fate befell these two mortals, and others of their breed. Perhaps it was that the strain of their work and overwrought nerves had finally asserted themselves. This would be the logical, the customary explanation to a series of strange coincidences.... But perhaps it was that they know too much, and that a shadowy Emissary was dispatched to them from the cold, dark reaches of outer space....

Could this then be the solution to the enigma which at present enshrouds the fair city of Minneapolis? Carl Jacobi and Arden "Buns" Benson appear to be the sole remaining members of the MFS still engaged in corresponding with outside fans. Repeated messages to Saari, Russell, and Gergen, and others, have brought no response whatsoever. Nor have various fans received their copies of the MFS Bulletin and Br-r-rack! Have the Gods of Stf deserted Minneapolis fandom? What has happened....

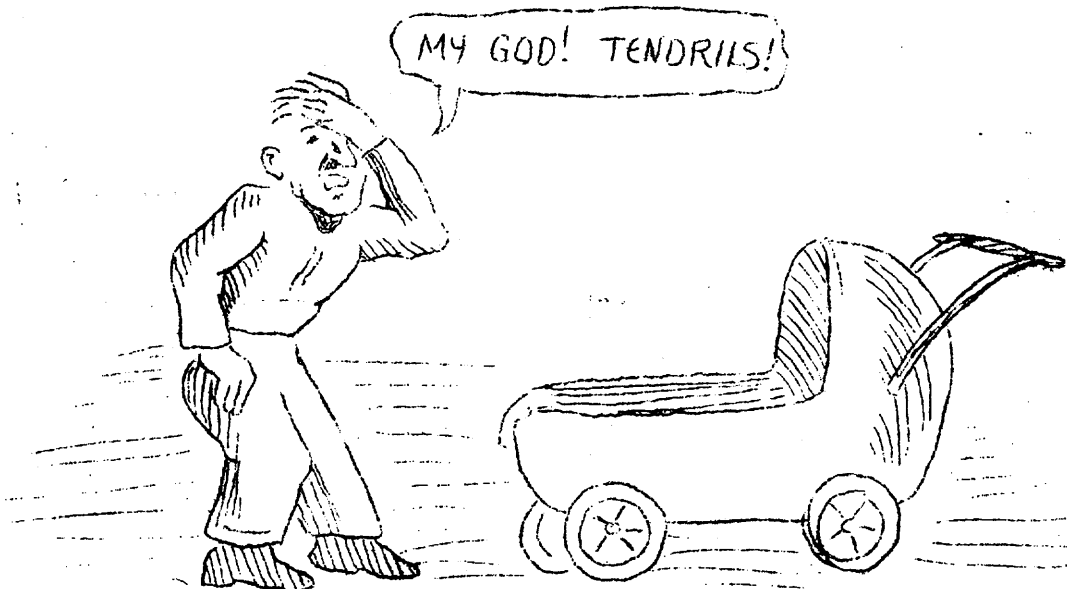
WRANGLINGS

by Wentworth Surprise! Surprise! Quick, don't walk, but run to your nearest copy of the December 16, 1942, issue of Fantasy Fiction Field Weekly. And what have we here? Oh, you'll never guess! It's something really wonder, something that Editor Unger had to get down on bended knee and beg for, before the writer would condescend to bestow his precious words upon Triple-F. Why certainly! It's that beloved of all columns, "The Time Stream", by our old favorite himself, Sam Moskowitz! Among other excruciatingly-interesting items in this informative column, Sam informs us that the army was "in ecstasies over his physique" (Ooooooh! Aahhh!), that "JAMES V. TAURASI HAS ACTUALLY AND FINALLY BEEN INDUCTED AND HAS BEEN IN THE ARMED FORCES FOR OVER A MONTH!" (Migawd! Don't be so abrupt, Samyool--me weak heart, you know). Sam states that he has been "wandering around New York trying to find people to say goodbye to", as he's been accepted by the army. Don't look too hard, Sam; save some of that boundless energy for the army. Well, well, well, by all means let's have more of Moskowitz. For God's sake, we can't lose such a wonderful, modest personality to the army!

SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1943: During the afternoon, Tech. Sergeant Shinn, long-distance member of the LASFS arrived at the new clubroom at 637½ S. Bixel, finding only Bronson there....(God! What a reception! Tillywish.) ((Tillywish, you're fired! PRB.)) Later on the as-yet empty clubroom was vacated in favor of a lunch prepared by Morojo's able hands. At the lunch-call, Bronson ran so fast that a new screen door will have to be installed. During the meal, Shinn entertained by recounting various anecdotes and describing an ancient grimoire in his possession which, upon examination, proved to be bound in human skin! Later in the afternoon Shinn and Morojo departed to visit Forry Ackerman, confined to bed, after suffering a relapse of his illness (he had previously been in the hospital for a considerable length of time). Freshafer and Yerko arrived in the evening and the trio left the hollow-sounding chamber in search of dinner. After satisfying the inner-man they paid a visit to Forry, who was still pretty ill. Following this, the three j-- ((Tillywish!)) --fans went to see "Forever and a Day" in Hollywood.

---Randolph Tillywish.

CARTOON BY GUS WILMORTH



LASFS MEETING OF MARCH 25th, 1943: This get-together was held at the Freehafer apartment, and produced the following fans and fanettes: Gus Willmorth, 4e Ackerman, Morojo, Barbara Bovard, T. Bruce (himself) Yerke, Phil Bronson, Mrs. Charles, and of course, Yours Truly and Paul Freehafer. As was inevitable, the impressive Freehafer record collection was delved into, and countless discs were played as the evening progressed. Yerke and Bronson nearly came to sword points (forestalled by the fact that they had no swords) over the selections to be rendered--Yerke expressing a preference for Mahler, while Bronson unreasonably insisted on listening to such passe items as the Carmen Suite and Polovetsienne Dances. Later on these two miscreants childishly amused themselves by riding up and down in the building's automatic elevator. (This outre method of entertainment was later discovered to be a result of the fact that Bronson had once resided in the same apartment, oddly enough.) During the course of the evening, Yerke fell asleep on the floor, Ackerman fell asleep on the floor despite the fact that a meeting was in progress. Later the two claimed that, being true slans, they could follow the course of the discussions even though asleep.

--Randolph Tillywish .

SUNDAY, MAY 2, 1943: Seven fans (fan-slans, a la Liebscher) assembled at the new LASFS clubroom. Mel Brown and Barbara Bovard worked industriously on the large window, removing the old "Beauty Shop" legend, and scrubbing the glass to an unprecedented state of cleanliness. Forry sorted out the jumbled club library, Morojo energetically straightened out the entire room, and Yerke and Bronson acted as supervisors.

Freehafer volunteered to stencil this issue of Shangri-L'affaires while the remainder of the gang struggled with the LASFS mimeo preparatory to turning out several pages of Fantasite. The mimeogremlins proved to be exceedingly active and it was some time before the machine could be coaxed into functioning smoothly.

The group adjourned for dinner in the evening, then returned to run off more stencils.

Fassbeinder dropped in after dinner, and being in a creative mood turned out an installment of "Sauerkraut und Gefiltefish" for Fantasite.

At 10:30 the room was vacated, to remain noiseless until the following Thursday evening.

--Wentworth.

Mel Brown is entertaining thoughts of a new fan magazine these days.

Ray Bradbury has a nifty little yarn in the new Weird Tales, "The Scythe".

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES
 Bulletin of the LASFS
 637 1/2 S. Bixel Street
 Los Angeles, Calif.

send to

Circ
